

The Wesleyan.

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NOTES AND COMMENTS.

A preacher, who is in the midst of heavy trial, says, "In all I shall try to say or do nothing that I will rub out at the judgment."

Another step in the anti-religious path pursued by France just now is the abolition of chaplains in the hospitals of Paris. This measure was to be consummated on New Year's-day.

Before the Senate Committee, the other day, Mr. Beecher said gambling carried on by merchants was less injurious to public morals than the effects of church fairs and religious lotteries.

When you enlarge your "liberty" to desecrate God's day for pleasure you also, inevitably and logically, enlarge Capital's liberty to make you work seven days at the price of six.—*N. W. Ad.*

When reformers succeed in having good laws enacted for the protection of the moral interests of society, and yet lack the pluck and persistence to force obedience to such laws, they need reforming themselves.—*Nashville Ad.*

The first Spanish lady doctor has just taken her degree in Madrid. She has met with considerable opposition, but her success has encouraged another patriot to adopt the same profession, and the latter, after being refused admission to the Valencia School of Medicine, is now studying in Madrid.

When Jesus, as a babe, smiled in the manger at Bethlehem, the angels sang to the world an anthem of peace and good will. Now that he is at the right hand of the Majesty on high, as the intercessor for men, the same angels find glad employ in consoling and helping those who look to him for salvation.—*Western Ad.*

If the Chicago Tribune is as good an authority on the Sabbath as it is in chronology it should be headed, "The paper says that the first precept requiring Sunday to be observed as a holy day of rest was issued by Constantine, a half converted Roman emperor in the latter part of the fourth century."

"The shortest road to immortality," says Rev. Dr. Theodore Cuyler, "is by the production of a grand soul-kindling hymn." He gives the first place among modern hymns to Toplady's "Rock of Ages," and probably would assign the second place—second however with an almost inappreciable distance between them—to Charles Wesley's, "Jesus, lover of my soul."

The London Echo mentions Genl. Sherman's recommendation that the United States army be increased to 30,000 men, and then sighs, "Happy land, that finds 30,000 men enough for the protection of half a continent, and that, consequently, spends its taxes in making such educational provision as altogether puts our English cities to shame."

An instance of denominational courtesy and kindness, out of the ordinary way of doing things, recently occurred at Hawthorn, the new town on the Peninsular road, a few miles south of Waiolo, Fla. The Pleasant Grove Baptist Church, which is an old institution in that locality, presented the Methodist Church a beautiful and valuable lot, on which the latter will build a handsome edifice.—*Jacksonville Union.*

The State protects its citizens from public nuisances, from small pox and yellow fever, from tainted meats, and it ought to check and stamp out the circulation of a large amount of the flash publications and demoralizing literature found on the news-stands of every city. Parents, too, cannot escape responsibility in this direction. They should see to it that their families are amply provided with good newspapers, good magazines and attractive books.—*Central Advocate.*

It was generally believed that Moody and Sankey would have poor success with their meetings at Oxford and Cambridge Universities in England, but the contrary appears to have been the case. More than two hundred Cambridge students have sent their cards in to Mr. Moody, in token of having received spiritual help, while at the closing meeting 200 declared by rising their intention to take a decided position for Christ. At Oxford the results were similar, the converts including some of the noblest youth of the country.

A remarkable conversion is reported from France, the commune of Chateil Guyon, in the Pay-de-Dome, having been converted en masse to

Protestantism. The initiative was taken by the Municipal Council, which voted several resolutions explanatory of the decision. The vote was, with the exception of three members, who were unavoidably absent, unanimous. On the following Sunday the whole commune turned out, and, headed by the Mayor, went to attend Protestant church in an improvised Protestant church.

The New York Tribune says the question of abolishing school recesses and giving a longer interval of rest at noon is now actively discussed in many cities. The experiment is to be tried for four months in the public schools of Troy, and for two weeks in those of Rochester. Thoughtful parents will see many excellent reasons for such a change. Not the least is the physical effect upon a child of going home at noon and replenishing its store of strength and vivacity with a simple warm dinner. In cities few children live so far away from school as to make this impossible.

The Blue Ribbon crusade is telling on the drink traffic to even a greater extent than is shown by the falling off of the revenue. In hundreds and thousands of cases the diminution of consumption has ruined the trade of those publicans who were just able to get along. But it would be unfair to set down the success entirely to the credit of the new movement. The persistent efforts of temperance workers for the last generation are now bearing fruit. The popular advocates who are enrolling their converts by thousands are reaping in a field where others have ploughed and sown and watered the seed with their tears through many weary years.—*Glance, in Methodist.*

Rome, like death, aims at shining marks. The following paragraph appears in the *Weekly Register*: "No sooner had Sir Tatton Sykes made up his mind to abandon the Anglican Church than he formed the magnificent intention of building, solely at his own cost, a cathedral for the Catholic church of Westminster. A site already secured by Cardinal Manning, close to the Archbishop's House, will be utilized by Sir Tatton, whose cathedral will resemble, in its architecture the Cathedral at Cologne." It is stated that Sir Tatton Sykes has not yet been admitted into the Church of Rome, but that arrangements are pending for his reception by Cardinal Manning at an early date.

The Governor-General of Canada has just been informed by despatch from the Secretary of State that the Queen will not be advised to exercise her power of disallowance in respect of the Act legalizing marriage with a deceased wife's sister, recently passed in that colony. This Act is consequently now in force, and assuming the total area of her Majesty's dominions to be, as estimated, 8,983,177 square miles, marriage with a deceased wife's sister is absolutely legal over an extent of 6,678,297 square miles of British territory; conditionally legal over 2,183,124 square miles, and still positively illegal over only 120,761 square miles.—*Watchman.*

A member of the Baptist Church in Harlow expressed, just before her death, the desire to be buried by her pastor in the parish churchyard near her husband and father. The vicar opposed it, and reminded her daughter that, "if her mother could return since her decease, she would release her from the promise and desire to be buried by the vicar." When the daughter persisted in carrying out her mother's wish the vicar had the ordinary entrance-gate nailed up, and opened another not so convenient. The Bishop of St. Alban's has written to the vicar, telling him that he had attempted an evasion of the law hitherto unheard of, and adding, "in my opinion, you have outraged all pious Christian feeling."

There is a good deal of selfishness in the showy presents of the season at the present. We think that we only wish to please our friends, while in reality the desire to show them that we can pay as much as anybody else has really rather more to do with the scale of the gift selected. This is all well enough for those who can truly afford it, but the people who are looking forward to a budget of bills at the end of the year would do much better to content themselves with trifles, which will often convey quite as much sentiment as gold and diamonds, and keep the feast of Christmas by paying their little debts. If we could only muster the moral courage to determine that we would make no gifts that we could not honestly afford, we should all have a merrier Christmas and a much happier New Year.—*Philadelphia Times.*

TARRY.

REV. GIDEON DRAFER, D.D.

Push is characteristic of the age. It eminently distinguishes Christianity in a material sense. There is an unprecedented running to and fro in the land, planting churches, multiplying Sunday school appliances, planning works of benevolence, and homes of charity. *Work, work, work*, is the ceaseless motto, and the inculcated "line upon line," until the hands grow weary, and the heart faint. The imminent danger is of most solemn duties perfunctorily discharged, and services, degenerated into routine, becoming mechanical and cold. If the people do not "love to have it so," they at least, expect to have it so, and do not look for immediate and continuous spiritual blessing. The army of the Lord waxes great in numbers, the congregations are exceptionally well housed, their wealth has increased a thousand fold, and with it social position and influence. Are there corresponding religious results? Is there proportionately as large an ingathering of souls, as rapid extension of the Master's kingdom, as mighty victories, as aforesaid? Does the passion of soul-saving burn as warmly in the saved heart? Is it the controlling, all-conquering animus of the church of to-day? The ten thousand Methodist pastors, with their millions of followers all aflame with holy fire, would set the world ablaze. The venerable and godly Bishop Simpson recently well said:

"The great need of to-day is not of more churches, but of more spiritual power." To modern believers is the command given, "Tarry in Jerusalem." "Wait for the promise of the Father." Such standing still, reverently, patiently, beseechingly, would be quickly followed by a simultaneous "forward," all along the lines. If a bugle call from the powers that be to the entire Methodist body, in the old world and the new, in the lone mission field and in the home center, should sound a halt for the endowment of power, skirmishing would give place to Tel-el-Keber victories, overwhelming and universal.

We believe, the church believes, in the Pentecostal story. What is that story? That each believer may become a witness, a worker, a force. After the Spirit-fulness, there was not a drone in the whole hive of the early Church. All prophesied and bare testimony, and there were added to the Church daily such as should be saved. Like conditions would secure like results to-day.

This general effusion and diffusion of spiritual power, is the universally felt want. Sin and Satan, heaven and hell, Jesus and the Holy Spirit, are still the same. With the ministry, the office-bearers need an especial anointing. In addition to the ordinary vows of the private member, theirs are additional and mighty obligations. A solemn consecration should distinguish them who "bear the vessels in the house of the Lord." In the beginning it was only men full of the Holy Spirit who were chosen even to "serve tables," and they were set apart to their temporal work, with prayer and the laying on of hands. The church has sadly degenerated. A non-Christian may administer the temporalities, and dead souls fill the sacred places. The spiritual tone is lowered. The minister's hands are tied: He cannot lift the burden alone. It is significantly true, "like church-officers, like church members." If perchance a babe is born, it dies from exposure. If the leaders of the Lord's host are faithless, what can be expected of the private? And this is the condition of many churches to-day, and the cause of their barrenness. If stewards, trustees, leaders and Sunday-school superintendents were "full of the Holy Spirit," the church would sweep on to rapid conquest. Let the preparation begin in the official meeting, and it will penetrate the whole body. "Be ye clean

that bear the vessels of the Lord." Let the pastors faithfully and courageously do their duty in this regard, with earnest prayer and tearful pleading, themselves setting the example. "Tarry," "wait," "stand still," and the Lord-given command, "go forward," shall not be meaningless and void. The church, by its successful inroads on Satan's kingdom, will demonstrate its right to be, and the purpose of its being, and the mouth of its enemies shall be stopped.

AFTER THE WAR.

The Rev. A. H. Male, Wesleyan chaplain at Cairo, writes to the *Methodist Recorder* on the 23rd of Nov.: I am sorry to say the numbers in our hospitals do not decrease, although we draft them off to Alexandria and home as much as practicable; we have, I should say, nearly 800 sick in Cairo—that is about one-tenth of the force. Wesleyan men appear to be exceptionally healthy; possibly early training tells; our number in hospital, out of the 800, is under 20. Some few particulars may be interesting to our people. The other day I found out Sergeant-Major C—, of the C and T corps. I may say here that there is a good deal of difficulty in finding out our own men, the lists being completely kept. I found him, however, and recognised him as a man with whom I had conversed in the railway station here, on business the very morning of the terrible explosion. On that occasion one sergeant was killed, and I quite thought it was he. Now he told me the tale of God's gracious care of him. The night before the fire he and the other sergeant, with some of the men, had been sitting together singing hymns, closing with a most solemn, and in this case appropriate one: "A few more years shall roll," or, "Brief life is here our portion." I think the next evening Sergeant C— was busy with his work, Sergeant Sainsbury close at hand reading a letter just received from his wife, when the terrific explosion took place. For a succeeding moment all was still; everyone had fallen prone to the ground, and when C— looked up he saw his comrade dead beside him, with a fractured skull. He could only thank God for his sparing mercy toward him. When I saw him in hospital he was in low spirits; he had to go up the Nile for a fortnight for change of air and the prospect was not to him pleasant. Kneeling together in prayer, however, all these little clouds passed away, and as I left him he clasped my hand and said, with tears in his eyes, "I am so thankful you have found me; now I shall go up the Nile with a light heart. Prayer and fellowship brought the sunshine to him."

I was talking to a smart young cavalry man, Corporal S., of the 7th Dragoon Guards. He told me he had neither father nor mother, sister nor brother—in fact, no relative in the world, nor had he ever any recollection of any. A guardian had cared for him, and it had been the wish of his father and mother that he should attend the Wesleyan chapel. "And so," said he, "I intend to do always." With scarcely one human friend in the wide world he had yet learned to find a friend in Christ, and was cheerful and trustful in his sickness. Amongst these, and the men in hospital generally, the little books and copies of the *British Workman* are most acceptable. Mark Guy Pearce's name will be pretty well known before long, and Dan'l Quorn's too. We have commenced a Sabbath evening voluntary service in the American Presbyterian Mission, kindly placed at our disposal; the Presbyterian chaplain alternates with me in taking the service. I have started also a class-meeting, and last time had a mixed company of Church of England men, Roman Catholics, Presbyterians and Wesleyans; nearly all wished their names in the class-book, including city one day and heard Dr.

Lyman Beecher deliver a very convincing argument against drinking. He thought the matter over on his way home and at length came to the conclusion that it was time for him to turn over a new leaf. The following Sunday, the four friends met around the board as usual. When the brandy was passed, Captain Ladd declined to drink. The lawyer, minister and doctor looked at him with astonishment and asked him if he was sick. "No; I'm not sick, but when law, divinity and physic take to drinking, then it's time for an old sea-dog like me to quit." He then explained to them that he had been convinced by the arguments of Dr. Beecher that it was better to get along without liquor. Since the time I listened to the rough, emphatic temperance speeches of Captain Ladd, I have been a temperance man. Public sentiment in regard to this question has been revolutionised in the mean time, both in this country and in Europe. While abroad last summer I found the people of England wide awake upon the temperance question. Societies have been established in every county to repress the liquor traffic. Forty members of Parliament are devoting the greater portion of their time to the investigation of this great social question. The people of England may well be alarmed at the wretched condition of her poorer classes. In this country, forty years ago, fully one half of those who made New Year's calls were drunk before night-fall. Wines were upon every table, and few men had the courage to refuse a glass of the sparkling beverage when presented by fair hands. To-day it is the exception rather than the rule to offer callers wine on New Year's Day.

A SAVIOUR, WHY NOT YOURS?

Christ Jesus offers you his almighty Spirit to change your depraved heart. He offers you forgiveness and help, and has been waiting for you to accept them through all this past year and many another year of guilt and sin. His love wooes you, and conscience presses you to do just what the blind Bartimeus did. The blind man was powerless to open his own eyes. But he did promptly three things: He "arose and came to Jesus;" he sincerely prayed for restoration; and he yielded himself implicitly to Jesus, to be operated upon in any way that the wisdom and power of the Wonder-worker might act. He did not linger. Ten minutes lost would lose the blessing. He did not attempt to open the sightless eye-balls to the day. His faith brought him close to the Saviour, whose voice he heard, and then he kept "hands off," while the Saviour wrought the healing work. Supernatural power did that work, and supernatural grace and strength will do for your soul and your whole character a like work of regeneration. The first step in Bible religion is obedience. Whatever he saith unto you, do it.

If you enter the opening year as a follower of Jesus, you must remember that a Christian character costs something. The atonement your Saviour made for you cost the anguish of Gethsemane and Calvary. The fabric of a Christian character will cost you numberless self-denials and battles with temptation; watchfulness, prayer, and diligence. "He that cometh after me, and taketh not up his cross, cannot be my disciple." Count the cost. The law of discipleship is: Hold fast to everything that is right; but give up everything that is wrong. Put the knife to sensual appetites. Train your wayward heart to let God have his way. If Jesus appeals to your purse in the persons of the poor and wretched, give to him through them. With a genuine Christian Christmas lasts through the whole year. Count the cost of loving Christ more than bank-stocks or fine equipage. Count the cost of losing money sooner by a thousand-fold than losing a good conscience. Count the cost of offending some friends for the sake of a Better one. Count the cost of a true, honest, prayerful, godly Christian life. It may cost more than you bargain for; but praise be to him who died for you, such a life pays. There is not a redeemed soul that will sing "glory to God in the highest" on Christmas morn in heaven, who begrudges all the self-mortification and struggles and sacrifices he endured for the honor of his Saviour.—*T. L. Cuyler in Independent.*

PROGRESS OF TEMPERANCE.

To a reporter of the *N. Y. Tribune*, Wm. E. Dodge, President of the National Temperance Association of that city, recently said:—"I have been connected with the temperance movement about fifty-six years; the first temperance address to which I ever listened was delivered by old Captain Ladd in a hall in Cliff St. He was a resident of Minot, Me., and came to New York for the purpose of giving a course of lectures upon temperance. Although his audience never numbered over twenty-five, he was always in good humor and spoke as eloquently as he would in addressing a household. When at home, it had always been his custom, previously to his signing the pledge, to invite the village doctor, lawyer and minister to lunch with him on Sunday. Decanters of brandy and wine were always set out and liberally patronized by the guests. The captain visited a neighboring city one day and heard Dr.

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"A great deal is being done in this city for those who are trying to reform. I have just purchased a fine four-story house in Fifty-seventh St., which will be fitted up as a Christian Home for Inebriate Women. There is more drinking among the women of this city than most people dream of. This Home will accommodate twenty or thirty persons, and if necessary can be made to accommodate as many more. We hope to have it ready for occupation in a month or two."

THEIR OWN BRIMSTONE.

After a service in a place where the people had been a good deal bewildered by a self-ordained preacher, who selected only so much of the Bible as suited his whims, and who was wont to make merry over the idea of future punishment, a man stepped up to me, and said in a canting voice, "Bishop, do you believe in hell?" I said, "Are you anxious to know what I think of hell," he said, "Yes." "Well," said I, "the best answer I ever heard came from a poor negro woman. She had a young niece, who sorely tried the poor soul. The more she struggled to keep this willful charge in the right way, the more she seemed to wander. One day, after hearing a new preacher, the niece came bounding into the room; "Aunt, aunt, I aint gwine to believe in hell no more. Ef dar is any hell, I just want to know where dey gets all dere brimstone for dat place; dat's what I'd like to know!" The old woman fixed her eyes on her, and with a tear on her cheek, said, "Ah! honey, darlin', you look out you don't go dare, for you'll find dey all takes dere own brimstone wid em."

I said, "Is there any other question in theology you would like to ask?" He said "No," and he went home—I hope with a new idea that sin brings sorrow, and that to be saved we need deliverance from sin. Some men carry "their own brimstone" even in this world.—*Bishop Whipple.*

All real believers are naturally actuated by a Divine principle of love to God and the Redeemer, to abound continually in good works, though they dare not rest in them.